

A Week In Politics (is A Long Time)

Deacon Blue

In a windy street in a bitter morning
a seagull flies into a fire of blazing sun
in the minutes after midnight
when humans let go
only cat and litter move without fear

Undiscovered Kingdom

Underneath an awful stern
above dark dock water
and anchor hangs wounded from a ragged body
in a seething pub at midday
a boy has lost his way
from a hundred empty faces
a hundred gazes glare

Undiscovered Kingdom

Sometimes I touch
sometimes I see
sometimes I feel
sometimes I really know

Undiscovered kingdom

In an angry alley
the paints been left to run
from a daubed swastika on an abandoned VW
a cathedral door is opened
a woman wipes away a tear
sunlight streams in
as a priest puts out a brief candle

Undiscovered Kingdom